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Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

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Editorial Notes.

THE passion for antiquities is on the increase, but old ladies are not appreciated more highly than ever. It is one of the paradoxes of life that the men who want their wine always old want a wife always young.

Every Saturday, a very welcome and interesting weekly visitor to our home-table, will give up its illustrations and resume its original form and character at the end of the year. Which we regret, though many of its illustrations have been exceedingly poor.

THE young man who wants a wife merely to sew on his buttons, and tend babies, and keep him from having the blues when he has no better company, ought to be obliged to advertise for one to his liking in the papers that deal in that sort of business.

FREDERICK W. LORING, a young writer of excellent performance, but still better promise, was killed by the Apache Indians last week. He was a genial, humorous writer, resembling Major Winthrop in his style and spirit as well as in his fate. His unlamented death fills hundreds of hearts with grief.

MRS. BURLEIGH'S Life and Poems of her husband, William H. Burleigh, is a very tasteful, well-edited volume. At first he was opposed to the woman suffrage movement, but finally became a hearty supporter of it. He said he was convinced by the bad arguments of its opponents. Poor reasons are apt to persuade backward.

MRS. NORTON and Mrs. Wood, too well-known English writers, have created a small sensation in England by airing their vocabulary of accusation and reprimand in the papers. The former charges the latter, the author of some thirty volumes of fiction, with expanding one of her short stories into a large and popular novel. Mrs. Wood denies any such conveyance. It would have been well for both parties had the matter terminated there.

THE first snow of the season dropped its white cards about door the other morning, giving an intimation of the storms and cold that are coming which sent an anticipatory shiver through our bones. But it also suggested the wants of thousands of poor women and children in all our cities and large towns. Let every reader of our paper consider herself a committee of one, to relieve the wants and prevent the suffering of the poor and destitute in her neighborhood.

MRS. ISABELLA B. HOOKE and Rev. Olympia Brown give encouraging accounts of the progress of the woman suffrage cause in Connecticut. The interest is shown in the large au-

diences that are gathered, even in places where there is no expectation of enthusiasm. The meetings held at Birmingham and New London were very large and successful, and societies have been formed in both places and at New Haven. And what a few earnest, whole-souled women are doing in Connecticut should be done in every state in the Union.

THE polygamists are frightened. St. Brigham has fled. Many of the Mormon leaders are settling up their affairs, and consternation is visible on the faces of the most determined supporters of the "peculiar institution." They say there is no hope for them, no chance for justice in the United States Court. They certainly have little to hope if justice is done them. Those Mormons who are the victims of fanaticism and the dupes of wily and unprincipled leaders, should be dealt leniently with. But the sooner the tumor is lanced the quicker it will heal, and the better it will be for the body politic.

DR. HOLLAND of "Bitter Sweet" and Timothy Titcomb fame, is enlightening lecture-goers on the "Social Undertow," whatever that may be. As an illustration of his intelligence and integrity we take the following sentence: "The whole end and aim of this woman's reform is to fit the laws to the weaknesses and wickednesses of unholy people and make them more unholy still." How more untrue could be put into the same number of words is a question that perhaps Dr. Holland is capable of answering. The man who can peddle such misrepresentations from the platform deserves contempt but should be treated with pity.

Women have no sturdier friend nor more devoted champion than Robert Collyer, the Great-Heart of the Chicago pulpit, whose elegant church was burned in the late fire. He lost his house, furniture, library, and all but twenty of his sermons. Of course his sermons cannot be replaced, but the other things can be; and a thoughtful woman has suggested that his numerous friends in the country shall restock his library with books. The idea is a capital one, and should be carried out at once. Mr. Collyer reads, as he preaches and works, with his whole body and mind, and few ministers take more pleasure in books and get more nutriment from them than he does. Any books or money for the purchase of books sent to Hurd & Haughton, of this city, will be applied as the donors desire.

THE National Standard has made an original and most astounding discovery, viz.: that the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has decided "that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution confer the right of franchise upon women in all parts of the United States except the District of Colum-

bia, while "for that District special legislation is yet needed." When it is considered that the decision referred to contains not a single word about the effect of the Amendments on the political status of women in the States, but expressly denies their right to vote in the District upon grounds equally applicable to the whole country, the *Standard's* discovery is one of the most remarkable made within the last century, and entitles it to a pair of leather spectacles as a reward for its penetration.

THE National Police Convention which recently met at St. Louis surprised the people with the gravity of its deliberations. The idea that policemen had brains as well as batons, and opinions as well as badges strikes many minds as a novelty. But these men actually considered the details of a plan for saving the abandoned children of our great cities—who now for the most part grow up vicious and colonize the penitentiary, and making good men and women of them. Their scheme is elaborate, involving an appropriation of the public lands and large expenditures of money. But their idea is a grand one. The hope of the future is in the children. We can never succeed in reforming the great vices of society until we cut off their source of supply. We can never have a perfect society until every child is trained to intelligence and virtue.

THE Nation complains that American women are not lovers of nature. Which may be too true. But how many men are heart-smitten with her charms? They live out of doors, and travel across the country and over the sea as women cannot; but we have failed to find a much keener perception, or finer appreciation, or more delicate and refined enjoyment of the beauties of the landscape, the glories of an Autumn sunset, or the magnificent grandeur of the ocean in a storm, among our average American men than among women. They rattle off the current guide-book phrases about Niagara and the White Hills, and Lake George; but the difference between this cheap prattle and a real comprehension of the beauty and loveliness of nature, and a corresponding love of her fine and grand and sublime scenes is as great as between the recitation of phrases out of old love letters and an affection which seals the lips while it suffuses the eyes. The truth is that the artificial, unwholesome, hot-house existence we lead as a people is destructive to the simple habits and tastes to which love of nature belongs and which render it possible. Our enjoyments are too coarse, and loud, and unnatural for such delicate and refined pleasure as nature gives to steal into our hearts. And not until we live in accord with nature can any of us have that love of nature which is a refining influence in the mind, the soul of poetry, the sweetness of joy, and the inspiration of art.

Contributions.

My Wife and I.

We detect at once the flavor of a New-town pippin, even if it is specked and worm-eaten, and there are sufficient traces in Mrs. Stowe's latest book to connect it by direct descent with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Minister's Wooing." It is on a descending scale that we discover this family resemblance, for the last cannot be considered first in point of merit. Mrs. Stowe must unlearn a good deal before she again creates the profound impression which her earlier works produced, and it is hardly probable that she will now begin to retrace her steps.

Although the story is rather slow after it gets beyond the exquisite episode of the child-wife, and the characters, with one or two exceptions, are not particularly striking, there is so much that is excellent in thought and sentiment, and so many patches of verdure and bloom are scattered all along the pages, that one can but regret that the book is not better as a whole.

This latest work of Mrs. Stowe's was written with a purpose. Such novels, on the face of them, are apt to repel little, but when cleverly and picturesquely served up they undoubtedly have a mission to the world. The author wished to express herself on the woman question, on marriage, the moral and social aspects of New York life, and many other things, so she sugared the pill and called it "My Wife and I."

So long as the stream of the story percolates through the soil of New England, it is natural, homely and interesting. There, metaphorically speaking, Mrs. Stowe's foot is on its native heath, and the picture is full of those nice and delicate touches common to her descriptions of scenes and places with which she is thoroughly conversant. But when New York becomes the theatre of action, she is less sure of herself, and far less interesting. Uncle Jacob, is certainly far the best character in the book, and he is a product of the New Hampshire hills. Harry Henderson, the hero, is the son of a poor country clergyman, "Full passing rich on forty pounds a year," or a little more. He is the latest comer, a somewhat unwelcome addition to the large family, but finally turns out to be the "smart boy," is sent to college, and from there launched into literary life in New York. The desire of his parents that he should enter the ministry is frustrated by modern scientific and theological ideas, which unsettle without absolutely destroying his faith in the old creeds. From earliest boyhood he has cherished the idea of home life, domestic and conjugal joys.

His first love is an exquisite little rose-bud of a girl, with whom he weaves daisy chains and builds play-houses. She dies, and he is not ensnared again until he goes to college, when he falls in love with a beautiful, insipid, rather heartless young

woman, who throws him over for a richer suitor. This is the dream wife. The real wife awaits him in New York, in the shape of a Fifth avenue belle, who is on the verge of a *marriage de convenance*, but finally proves a true-hearted girl, refuses to sacrifice herself even to save her father from ruin, marries Harry, the man of her choice, goes to live in an unfashionable street and turns out a model of economy, thrift and good sense. The course of Harry Henderson is plain sailing from first to last. He neither struggles or contends, and is not tempted or tried. There is not enough of the strange and improbable in his career to make him a romantic figure, and he is not so sharply separated by individual traits from the stock characters of fiction as to leave any impression on the mind. Bolton, Caroline, and Ida Van Arsdel suggest attributes rather than persons; Aunt Maria Woverman, keeper of the family style, and Jim Fellows, the rollicking, unscrupulous, light-hearted Bohemian, are creatures with something like blood in their veins.

Mrs. Stowe takes her position as a moderate advocate of woman's rights. She believes in the higher education of the sex, an enlarged sphere, more independence, and better opportunities for the exercise of the mental faculties, without insisting on suffrage. She is bold in denouncing the pernicious doctrines of free-love, and adheres with tenacity to the Christian marriage. The Church, meaning the Episcopal Church, plays a part which shows the theological road over which the writer is now walking; and, generally, wherever reform of any kind is touched, it is so dealt with as to meet the approbation of sensible, thinking people.

It is a pity that the criticism of this volume cannot end right here; but we are unable to overlook the fact that Mrs. Stowe has turned a thoughtful and unexciting book, calculated to do some good, into a sensational novel of the most unfortunate kind, simply by lugging in a few chapters that ought never to have been written. She informs us at the outset that she intends to eschew all sources of interest belonging to the sensational novel, such as haunted houses, conspiracies, murders, concealed crimes, etc.; but many of her readers would doubtless find it easier to forgive her for killing a few supposititious people than for raking up scandals about real persons, and laying herself open most unpleasantly to the imputation of heartlessness and bad taste. Mrs. Stowe has not kneaded her materials sufficiently to furnish even a thin disguise or meet the demands of art. Facts are too fresh in the public mind, newspaper stories are too rife, to admit of the denial which she makes in her preface of any intent to draw portraits. Beyond question the book would have passed better, if thrown out boldly without any such attempt to perfume the passages which certainly will never make a sweet savor in the nostrils of the public. Audacia Dangereyeres and Mrs. Cerulian throw an

element of the worst kind of sensationalism into her book, and neutralize all that she has so well said in regard to the corrupt tendencies of the New York press. While pointing out the ditch, Mrs. Stowe has herself fallen into the mire, and vitiated minds will seek the unfortunate chapters to pique their diseased appetite with a racy bit of scandal, while all that is good in the volume will be overlooked.

Of course no one will venture to assert that Mrs. Stowe, in one of her characters, actually intended to hold a near relative to public ridicule and contempt; but she is certainly blameworthy for exciting such an unpleasant and damaging suspicion. That portion of her latest novel that good taste and good feeling alike condemn is entirely extraneous. It does not grow out of the story, but is pinned on, and mars the symmetry of the whole. It will exert no influence upon the woman question, and only awakens the regret of people who honor Mrs. Stowe for her great genius and noble services, that she should have touched a species of pitch always sure to defile.

J. B. Ford and Co., of New York, have brought out the book in excellent style, and a half-dozen illustrations, much better than the average, make it very tempting to the eye.

Maggie and I.

BY ALICE ROBINSON.

The apple-trees are white with blooms,
The sky holds silver clouds,
The soft showers wash the marble tombs,
As tears wet snowy shrouds,
And we are like to cry,
Maggie and I.

For there are sights and sounds of woe
With every breeze that stirs—
Murder, that lays the highest low,
Lust and its worshippers—
And that is why we sigh,
Maggie and I.

Alone we live; no lover fond,
No father, mother, friend;
We only look for rest beyond,
Where all life's woes shall end.
On us the shadows lie,
Maggie and I.

We struggle and we toil in vain
For more than clothes and bread,
Some little competence to gain,
Some future thornless bed.
Shall we as paupers die,
Maggie and I?

Our hands are weak, untaught, untrained,
Save to the endless seam;
And Maggie—hers are blue with veins;
What was my last sad dream?
That we so cold did lie,
Maggie, not I.

Heaven help us two poor silent souls,
Unknown of all the world!
If, as the season onward rolls,
With wintry flags unfurled,
We should with hunger die,
Maggie and I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10,

TRUE liberty consists in the fullest exercise of our faculties and desires that is consistent with the equal exercise of the faculties and desires of others.

A Judicial Decision.

It has been again and again confidently proclaimed, by those who hold that women were enfranchised by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the U. S. Constitution, that the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia would shortly make a decision favorable to their main doctrine, though against them on some comparatively unimportant technical points. To those who credited these announcements, whether believers in, or opponents of, the new interpretation, the actual judgment of the Court, delivered on Saturday last, was a disappointment;—a “wet blanket” to one class, to the other a flash of judicial common-sense. We propose to make a clear and impartial statement of the case and of the doctrine affirmed by the Court.

The case was that of two women of the District of Columbia—Sara Spencer and Sarah E. Webster; one of whom sued the Board of Registration for refusing to register her name as voter, while the other sued the Superintendents of Election for refusing to receive her vote. Both of them, in spite of the express provision of the law of Congress restricting suffrage in the District to “male citizens of the United States above the age of twenty-one,” claimed the right to vote as having been conferred upon them by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. “The position taken,” in the words of Judge Carter, is “that they have a right to vote independent of the law, even in defiance of the terms of the law. The claim, as we understand it, is that they have an inherent right, resting in nature, and guaranteed by the Constitution in such wise that it may not be defeated by legislation. In virtue of this natural and Constitutional right, the plaintiffs ask the Court to overrule the law, and give effect to rights lying behind it and rising superior to its authority.”

Having thus stated the point at issue, Judge Carter says: “The Court has listened patiently, and with interest, to ingenious argument in support of the claim, but fails to be convinced of the correctness of the position, whether on authority or in reason.” He says the right of suffrage is not, like the right to life and personal liberty, natural and absolute, but political, “resting upon the express authority of the political power, and revolving within the limitations of express law.” The Judge is no doubt right in defining a distinction that has prevailed in the past, in this as well as in other countries; but when from this he proceeds to say that “the legal vindication of the right of all citizens to vote would, at this stage of the popular intelligence, involve the destruction of civil government,” he speaks as a politician rather than a jurist. His observations, whether true or false, are out of place. His duty was to expound the law as it stands, not to make a stump speech. Having, however, thus indulged his propensity to utter opinions having nothing to do with the case before

the Court, he returns to the point at issue—the claim set up for women on the basis of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. After citing the Amendments, which, as they are familiar, need not be presented here, the Court gives judgment as follows:

“It will be seen by the first clause of the Fourteenth Amendment that the plaintiffs, in common with all other persons born in the United States, are citizens thereof, and if to make them citizens is to make them voters, the plaintiffs may of right vote. It may be inferred from what has already been said that to make a person a citizen is not to make him or her a voter. All that has been accomplished by this amendment to the Constitution, or by its previous provisions, is to distinguish them from aliens and make them capable of becoming voters.

“In giving expression to my own judgment, this clause does advance them to full citizenship, and clothes them with the capacity to become voters. The provision ends with the declaration of their citizenship. It is a constitutional provision that does not execute itself. It is the creation of a constitutional condition that requires the supervision of legislative power, in the exercise of legislative discretion, to give it effect. The constitutional capability of becoming a voter, created by the amendment, lies dormant, as in the case of an infant, until made effective by legislative action. Congress, the legislative power of this jurisdiction, as yet has not seen fit to carry the inchoate right into effect, as is apparent in the law regulating the franchise of this District. When this shall have been done it will be the pleasure of this Court to administer the law as they find it. Until this shall be done, the considerations of fitness and unfitness, merit and demerit, are considerations for the law-making power. The demur in these cases is sustained.”

That women are, by the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment, citizens, is not denied, even by the strongest opponents of woman suffrage; nay, it is universally acknowledged that they were citizens before the Amendment was adopted; but, as Judge Carter tersely says, “To make a person a citizen is not to make him or her a voter.” Nor do even the opponents of woman suffrage deny that Congress may at any time, in its sovereign pleasure, enfranchise the women of the District of Columbia; for Congress has the same power over that District that the State legislatures have within their respective jurisdictions. So, also, the several States may, at their pleasure, through the requisite changes in their constitutions, make women voters. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, according to Judge Carter, affirm nothing in respect to women save that, if “born or naturalized in the United States,” they are citizens. Whether they shall vote or not depends, in the District of Columbia, upon the action of Congress—in the States, upon the action of the

legislatures and the people thereof. This is in accordance with the history and settled practice of the Government from the very beginning; and the doctrine is distinctly implied in the words of the Fifteenth Amendment, as follows: “The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.” For other reasons than those here expressed it follows that “the right of citizens to vote” may be “denied or abridged.” Massachusetts, in the exercise of her sovereignty, excludes from the ballot-box those who cannot read and write, and those who refuse to pay a poll-tax of \$1.50. Other States have similar restrictive provisions, and all of them agree in disfranchising women.

The plaintiffs in the above case have given notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Let us hope that the decision of that tribunal will be obtained at an early day. Meanwhile, the path of the friends of woman suffrage opens clearly before them. Leaving the Supreme Court to settle the question which is within its exclusive jurisdiction, and respecting which popular agitation must be comparatively unavailing, let us, first, besiege Congress to enfranchise the women of the District of Columbia and the Territories, and to propose a Sixteenth Amendment enfranchising the women of the several States; secondly, besiege the State Legislatures to open the way for constitutional amendments enfranchising women, and to conform legislation to the principles of equality, irrespective of sex; and thirdly, let us, by conventions, tracts, lectures, and all the appliances of popular agitation, keep the cause of equal rights constantly before the people, appealing to them to carry out in practice the principles of republicanism, and abolish the unjust restrictions which exclude women from their just right to participate in the enactment and administration of the laws to which, in common with men, they are held amenable. Steady, persistent labor, “in season and out of season,” in this wide field, will lead us to sure and speedy victory. †

The Little People.

A DREAMY place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A dolorful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ORIGINAL STORY.

Ethan's Old Clothes.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

ETHAN MYERS had red hair, and a bright blue eye, a quick step, and a prompt way of speaking. He was a little testy and hot-tempered, prone to surface flurries of wrath, like the quick puffs of wind that come in Autumn and shake the leaves from the trees. Mrs. Ethan Myers, on the contrary, had such a merry laugh and way of seeing the droll side of everything that often, during their married life, by giving a funny turn to affairs, she had allayed many a rising tempest. She knew just how to strike Ethan's ruffled feathers the right way, and he had long since learned that it is good and pleasant thing to have one person in the house who has a keen perception of the ridiculous. So the two got along together as comfortably as married people generally do, and they loved each other dearly as some married people do not.

Ethan had his own pet foibles and absurdities. He had been verging towards old bachelorhood before he fell in love with and married Ellen Spear, and some of the whims and habits of his unwedded days stuck to him like burrs. He required a little connubial management for his own good; and his wife, Ellen, had not lived with him for five years without learning all his ins and outs, ups and downs, and how deftly to twist him about her little finger without once letting him suspect what she was about.

One morning breakfast was ready on the table, and little Minnie seated in her high chair with clean pinafore and beautifully shining face. Ellen was behind the urn as cheerful as a blackbird in a thorn-bush, and in walked Ethan, with a scowl on his brow, and his ardent locks pushed up in front—a sign always indicating a perturbed state of the inner man.

"There's nothing that irritates me, Ellen," he broke out, "like not finding my shirts in order, and you know just how I feel about it. This morning I tried on three before I could get hold of one that would fit. They were all too small or too large, or the buttons were too far back, or some confounded thing or other. I don't indulge in profanity very often, but it would have been a relief to swear. Why should a man be to the expense of running a house and keeping up an establishment if he can't have his shirts attended to?"

"It's too bad," responded Ellen, purring a little in her own nice way, although an amused gleam shot from her bright eye. "As soon as shirts begin to torment, this world is a fleeting show, isn't it, dear? I am sorry, but you must remember that some time ago you had an economical fit. You thought they charged too high at Simmons', the place where you have always had your shirts made, and went off to Duffy's and bought a set for three dollars

less the dozen. The Duffy shirts were too small in the wristbands and neck, and there was no use trying to alter them. You know at the time I wanted you to give them to Tom, who is smaller than you are. They might just have fitted him; but no, they result is the closets and clothes-presses of this house are choked up with garments that ought to be given away to the wood-sawyer or packed in mission boxes and sent off to the Fejee Islanders.

By this time Ethan was laughing a little, with his mouth half full of beef-steak. "You may chaff me," said he, "as much as you please, and try to turn my guns against myself; but it is a fact that my things are not taken care of as they ought to be. I am neglected in my own house. Men are of no account now-a-days. The time will come when I shall have to stay at home and darn my own socks and sew on my own buttons, while you women folks go gadding about preaching up your sphere, or some other arrant nonsense."

"No danger of that," responded Ellen. "You are not the meek, submissive kind of stuff that neglected, henpecked husbands are made of, and as for me, I shall not seek for another sphere until I have completely mastered the one I now possess. There are some kinks and wrinkles and notions I must take out of you, Ethan. You mean well, dear, but if it hadn't happened just as it did—if heaven hadn't blessed you with me you would have become the rustiest, crustiest, fastiest old bachelor ever seen."

Ellen could say these things, and Ethan did not mind; in fact, he rather enjoyed hearing them, and when he kissed his wife good-bye, preparatory to going down town, he was as salubrious as a May morning.

Mrs. Myers had tied on Minnie's blue hood, which, with the light, silky curls peeping out, made her look exactly like a forget-me-not. She had buttoned the little midget's gaiters, and put on her white velvet cloth sack, and sent her out to walk with Jane. It was sweeping-day—a time when everything must be straightened and put to rights, drawers cleaned and closets regulated.

Mrs. Myers' eye-sore was on the top floor of the house, a place Ethan called his museum. Here he kept his gun and fishing-tackle, a set of old tools, and diverse old traps that intrinsically were of no value. Ethan generally carried the key of this sanctuary, sacred to old duds, about his own person, but occasionally the key was left in the door, and then there was imminent danger to Minnie, the mischief-loving

puss, who might slip in any time and swallow a box of percussion caps, or upset some of the bottles of oil and varnish that stood about promiscuously.

Ellen had been married five years, but she had not yet found out just how Ethan spent his time when he withdrew into the museum. She suspected that he busied himself putting and fussing over his gun and fishing-tackle—reeling lines and caressing Spanish flies, and indulging memories of the big "catches" of last season, when he was up-country, wading through a trout stream. Whatever he did showed no results, but at stated periods he secluded himself, and as his operations were necessarily carried on at night, by the glimmer of a kerosene lamp, Ellen's heart was often troubled within her lest the house should be burned up over her head.

On this morning, in the course of her domestic progress, Ellen mounted to the third story, and seeing the door of the museum ajar, peeped in to try and discover the last "wrinkle" Ethan had been up to. The place was a sort of hospital for disabled furniture. Ethan had a turning lathe and "kit" up there, and when chairs or tables got broken he generally removed them to the museum to tinker at his leisure. It was a long day, if ever, before they got out of hospital, and now he had a choice collection of these things, besides various broken-necked cologne bottles, and cracked vases he had preserved to cement and make better than new.

Ellen seated herself in a rickety hall chair, a good bit from the corner where the fire-arms stood, and her eye fell on a row of antiquated garments hung on pegs. Ethan, from the peculiar affection he cherished for his own personal belongings, had stored them up, thinking they might sometime come in play. To Ellen's eye they all looked ludicrously like their owner, and it seemed as though she could detect every one of his pet notions peeping from their folds. Taken in order they furnished a pretty accurate history of his adult years. There was the coat he bought for Bertie's wedding. Poor Bertie, dead and gone now! There was the old white hat he used to wear when he came a courting. How often that hat had sauntered down the lane beside her own little gipsy—when the wild roses and the alder bushes were in bloom, and they two talked such packs of nonsense and were so absurdly and ridiculously happy!

Viewed in this light old clothes are rather affecting. But right next to the white hat hung a big, stiff box-coat, looking dogged and determined as if it could shake its fist in somebody's face, and put its foot down with a will and say no, sir, in awful tones. It looked almost as if it could knock somebody down stairs. What earthly use was there in keeping the old thing just for the moths to feed upon? That top coat seemed to harden Ellen's heart. She went and ran her hand down into one of the pockets, a deep, capacious, cavernous sort of pla

and at the bottom it touched a little roll of something with a peculiar feel that belongs to bank-notes. She pulled it out in a little flutter, and found in her hand a thick roll of money. A little dazed and overcome, she settled back in an infirm extension chair, and mechanically opened her newly discovered treasure; ten, twenty, fifty—there were a hundred dollars in her hand—a magnificent windfall that seemed to have dropped out of the sky. Suddenly it all flashed over her and she burst out laughing and laughed till the tears ran down her rosy face.

Six or eight months previous Ethan came home one evening and made the disagreeable discovery, as he supposed, that his pocket had been picked. He had been robbed of a hundred dollars which he had that afternoon taken from the bank for the purpose of paying some up-town bills. He distinctly remembered putting the roll of notes in his pocket, and he had done nothing afterwards but ride home in a crowded stage. Of course there was a scene. Ethan went to the police station and gave an excited description of the person who sat next him in the stage—a Jew looking man with dirty hands and profuse finger rings. He felt sure this fellow had taken his money, and after that he was in constant demand at police headquarters to identify people of Jewish physiognomy—all varieties of hooked noses; but none of them proved to be the supposititious burglar, and at last the thing became such an intolerable nuisance Ethan was more than content to pocket the loss and say no more about it. Now the matter was as clear as daylight to Ellen's mind.

Mrs. Ellen, with a keen appreciation of the comical side of the mistake, thought of Ethan's wrath against that poor unconscious mortal of a Jewish cast of countenance, with dirty hands and many finger rings until it seemed plain to her conscience that some atonement ought to be made to his race. Accordingly she went down and put on her bonnet and shawl, and told Mary, the second girl, she was going out for half an hour. When she came back she was accompanied by a business woman in a rusty velvet cape and battered bonnet, followed by a little man carrying a heavy basket covered with oil-cloth. Mrs. Myers took them up into the museum in a private, confidential manner, which awakened the curiosity of Mary and caused her to leave the parlor furniture all in huddles, and the lace curtains fluttering out of the front windows, while she went into the hall to listen. There was a long parley up stairs, and at last, when Mrs. Myers came down with her mysterious visitors, who, it must be confessed, diffused a pretty strong odor of garlic, Mary thought she detected peeping from the corners of the well-filled basket some familiar things whose acquaintances she had made in mousing around the house, as a girl of naturally inquiring mind is apt to do.

Mrs. Myers, after opening the windows to air the passages, busied herself in ar-

ranging some new ornaments—trying the effect here and there about the parlor; and Mary, who was as shrewd at putting things together as most girls are, concluded wisely enough that they were smuggled into the house in the aforesaid oil-cloth covered basket.

When Ethan came home that evening and seated himself in his favorite easy-chair before the grate fire, he happened to notice on the mantel-piece something he had never seen before—a pair of prettily painted china vases.

"Where did those vases come from, Ellen?"

"I bought them to-day; don't you admire them?"

"Yes, very much, but they must have cost a pretty penny."

"Well, I think I drove a good bargain," returned Ellen, with a wicked little gleam in her eye."

Ethan turned his head and his glance fell on two ornamented pots of terra cotta ware standing in the windows.

"Why, there is something else, now," he exclaimed, a little testily. "Those things cost like the mischief, Ellen. It seems to me you are running into extravagance. You know I have spent on the house now almost more than I can afford."

"Don't trouble yourself, dear," replied Ellen, quietly, turning off the stitches on the crimson mat she was crocheting, "the money did not come out of your pocket."

"Not out of my pocket," he repeated, and then he was struck dumb with astonishment at the discovery of a handsome bracket, with a Venetian glass and candelabra, one of those knick-knacks he knew Ellen had long ago set her heart on possessing, and this was particularly pretty, with a dainty filigree border of vines and foliage. "You must have forgotten yourself, he exclaimed, his face turning red, "to run into all this expense."

"Not at all," returned Ellen, calmly laying down her work. "Do you want to know what those vases cost?"

"If you will condescend to tell me, now that the money has been spent."

"Well, then, I got them in exchange for the Duffy shirts. You know, dear, you had such an affection for those shirts if kept under lock and key you would always have been sure to lay hold of one of them at the most unlucky moment, so great as the trial was, I felt obliged to part with them."

"Then you have been selling my shirts without ever so much as consulting me about it," exclaimed Ethan, striding back and forth in rising wrath.

"I know, dear, it would have been useless to consult you. You never would have brought yourself to the point of making the sacrifice, so I had to take matters into my own hands—to become the woman who dared—and now, in those vases, we shall have a lovely monument to departed shirts."

"It's outrageous if a man can't have any property right in his own house," growled

Ethan. "I don't suppose the story is half told yet. How did you get the other things? Come, out with it."

"Well, you see, Ethan, there was a closet full of your old boots and shoes. They had been collecting for ages. I was morally certain you would never put one of them on again, so I exchanged them for those charming terra cotta flower-pots there in the windows."

"Now this is unbearable," cried Ethan, almost at the boiling point. "You haven't the face to tell me you have gone and sold my boots. Why, there were almost new boots there. Some of them I had never worn twice. I was intending to have new feet put to them, to have some of them tapped and others jumped."

"So you have been saying for years, dear; but nothing was ever done with them, so I thought I would jump them all out of the way. The comfort of a fire is that it burns up the rubbish—those things there is no use in keeping, and which are too good to throw away; but a Jew dealer in ornaments is better even than a fire. Look over there, Ethan, by the magic of the Jew dealer, or rather of the Jew dealer's wife, I whisked your old hats and coats into that lovely little mirror with the candelabra. That old surtouf of yours came to a snug little sum."

Ethan was almost too angry to speak. "Ellen," said he, at last, when he had trampled across the room three or four times, "this thing is outrageous. What business have you or anybody to touch my own private property? If I choose to fill the house with old clothes, that's my own conceru. Why, there were things there, in that museum, I wouldn't have taken a hundred dollars for."

"Well," said Ellen in an amused way, "if you set such a value on the old things, I will give you a hundred dollars," and she took a roll of bills from her pocket and laid them on the table before him.

"You see you are such an obstinate, wrong-headed darling there's no use putting in a word until the storm blows over. And now I am going to show you the beauty of a meddlesome wife. If I hadn't gone prowling in the museum I never should have discovered this money where it lay tucked away in the pocket of that wretched old surtouf, and you would have supposed, to your dying day, that you had been robbed that time in the stage coming up town. It's the best joke I ever heard, and I ought to be unmerciful; but I won't this time if you will confess that you could never get along without me to take the kinks out of your old bachelor habits, and will promise to go down on your knees, morally speaking, to every Jew-looking man with dirty hands and finger rings you happen to come across from this time forth."

After Ethan recovered a little from his surprise, he kissed his wife in that state of humiliation people are apt to fall into, when they discover they have made an unnecessary fuss and wrongfully accuse others.

"Times are hard," said he, "and a hundred dollars don't come amiss; but I shan't confess anything, for you think you are always right. As it is, I don't want to increase the tendency; but if I don't say you are always right and the pink of perfection, I'll say you are the best wife I ever had."

Words and Works.

REQUIESCAT : the chignon.

A FAVORITE tune : Fortune.

THE only woman women fear : Mrs. Grundy.

Is a woman a beggar because she is a mendicant?

THE latest thing in dresses is said to be night clothes.

WEAR your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

HAIRPINS to match the color of the hair are coming into use.

MAN'S great enemy is the wine-glass ; woman's is the looking-glass.

BARATHEA crêpe, called "wool armure," is popular for costumes for school-girls.

Two young ladies took the \$500 prize for the best bale of cotton at Little Rock, Ark.

MISS MARY PUTNAM, M. D., has returned from Paris, and opened an office in this city.

IMAGINE the distress of the milliner who forgot which side of the rose to put the hat.

VALENCIENNES is the most fashionable trimming lace for dresses of muslin and even silk.

A COOK advertises for a situation, and adds, "No objection to dressing children." Horrible!

JUDGING by the size of fashionable shoes, it is safe to say that many of our women stand on trifles.

It is a question whether the woman who lost her ears by a locomotive will get a hearing in the courts.

ADDIE S. BALLOU has lost her sister and two children in the Wisconsin fires. She has our warmest sympathy.

ACCORDING to Douglass Jerrold, Eve ate the forbidden fruit in order that she might have the pleasure of dressing.

MRS. MILE, of England, was granted a divorce, but required to pay her husband \$1,500 a year. Which is heavy mileage.

Was it exactly the thing for the Ohio woman, who found her jewelry dragging her soul down to the bad, to give it to her sister?

WOMAN Suffrage, according to Gov. Campbell, has worked admirably in Wyoming, and he recommends that it be not repealed.

NEW YORK needs a thorough training school for servants, which shall do for them what Florence Nightingale is doing for nurses.

A course of free medical lectures for women has been inaugurated at the New York Medical College, corner of Second avenue and 12th street.

A LITTLE girl who was stung by a hornet, told her mother she had been bitten by something that looked like "a yellow carriage with the top turned back."

WATERPROOF suits are just the thing for wearing in the street at this season. They can be purchased ready-made for nine dollars. The braided style is very neat.

THE female students of medicine in Edinburgh, after much tribulation, have carried their point, and are to be permitted to pursue their course in the university.

THE American Woman's Missionary Society now have seventy missionaries in Calcutta, two in Burmah, three in Japan, three in China, two in Smyrna and one in Greece.

It is said that Judge Underwood thinks that the amendments to the Constitution, together with the Enforcement Act of May 31st, give the women of Virginia the right to vote.

WHAT can be better than a woman with a cataract in her eyes, a waterfall on her head, a creek in her back, forty springs in her skirts, high-tied shoes, and a notion in her head.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BANDEL, an old Baltimore couple, who had been married upwards of sixty-seven years, recently died suddenly of paralysis within seven hours of each other.

A FRENCHMAN says: "If a lady says, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat."

Mrs. BURNS has thirty-seven of the Columbia law students studying Manson's Phonography under her tutelage. She has also a class of thirty pupils at the Mercantile Library, several of whom are ladies.

WOMEN have never forgiven Lady Mary Wortly Montague for saying, "The only satisfaction I have in being a woman is that I shall not be compelled to marry one of my own sex." Her sin is unpardonable.

Mrs. MARY BEADWELL, the publisher of the Chicago *Legal News*, lost all her office materials in the great fire; but her energy was too much for the flames, and she issued her paper as usual the week after the conflagration.

A JUDGE asked a woman who was arraigned for some misdemeanor: "What is your occupation?" "I have none, sir," was the reply. "Well, how do you live?" "I live on privations." She was allowed to go unfined.

THE largest dry goods store in Vineland is owned and managed by two women, all whose clerks are girls. But they have a cash boy, who seems as much out of place in the establishment as a young owl in a peacock's nest.

A WOMAN with an infant walked 150 miles to Nashville, to beg the governor to release her husband from the penitentiary, and she accomplished her mission. That is what woman's devotion means and does. We hope her husband is worthy of such a wife.

ANNA SZWARD repealed the first three books of "Paradise Lost," when nine years old. A feat we hope no other child will be allowed to perform. Education is not memorizing. Such a strain on the mind weakens rather than strengthens it, and affects the brain and health.

IT is the women who do not want to buy anything in particular who make shopping so hard for women in general. They torment and tire out the clerks, stand in the way, gabble, find fault with articles simply to get rid of buying, and make sensible women suffer for their sins.

THE New Covenant of Chicago comes to us again, a little smaller, but a much neater looking paper than before. Its editor, Rev. J. W. Hanson, lost almost everything by the fire but his hopeful, enterprising, genial spirit, and these have blossomed anew in the heat of misfortune.

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE says that at Alfred College she found a practical embodiment of the Christian theory of work and education. In fashionable Newport women sicken for the want of something to do, and the idle and luxurious, seeking their inferiors, will not find them in any class of useful people.

He took her fancy when he came; he took her hand; he took a kiss; he took no notice of the shame that glowed her happy cheeks at this. He took to coming afternoons; he took an oath he'd ne'er deceive; he took her father's silver spoons; and after that he took his leave. A taking young man he was.

A YOUNG woman in Lynn fastened together the tops and soles of twenty cases of shoes in ten hours, on a wager between two gentlemen, the one betting a thousand dollars against five hundred that she could not accomplish the feat. The winner gave the young woman five hundred dollars in addition to her pay.

SOME of Miss Rye's imported girls prove no better than the native stock. Which is as should have been expected. Exactly why girls taken from English workhouses should be angels has never been clear to our apprehension, nor do we see why those who take such girls have any business to make a wry face over their failings.

ONE of our New York editors received the following note the other day: "Please find enclosed five dollars for the Chicago sufferers, from a new-born baby, the mother wishing to mark its entrance into the world by this little act of charity." The child of such a kind, thoughtful mother ought to be an incarnation of goodness.

TAR Iowa Woman Suffrage Convention resolved: "That the object for which that Society is organized is to secure the ballot for women, and that it expressly disavows any responsibility for the opinion or utterances of any party foreign to this, believing, as we do, that the ballot is a power to be used only in the interest of virtue and morality."

Mrs. L. M. CHANDLER'S Moral Science Association held a meeting in Fraternity Hall, Boston, last week, and Dr. Edith Abell read an interesting paper on "Poor Children." The conversation which followed touched upon a great many points of interest in the life of women and the efforts for its amelioration, and was highly suggestive.

THE Austrian women have certain legal rights of life, limb and liberty which those in America might be happy to boast. They can refuse to accompany their husbands to any locality which endangers their liberty, life or health, and, unless married to military men, can refuse to be parties to perpetual peregrinations, and to settling in foreign countries.

THE friends of Woman Suffrage in New Jersey are to hold a succession of mass conventions at Bridgeton, Nov. 28; Salem, Nov. 29; Woodston, Nov. 30, and other places. Lucy Stone, Margaret W. Campbell, H. B. Blackwell, Oscar Clute and other interesting speakers will attend all the meetings. We hope the attendance will be large and enthusiastic.

THE Woman's Club of Washington, at a recent meeting, unanimously resolved that, as at every step of their labors for the prevention and cure of the social evil, they find legal, political, judicial and executive obstacles blocking their way, therefore the chief and radical remedy for the social evil lies in the political enfranchisement and thence personal emancipation of woman.

MADAME CATACAZY, the wife of the Russian Minister at Washington, is one of the most beautiful women of the Capital. She is a French lady, and became acquainted with Mr. Catacazy while he was an *attaché* of the Russian Legation in Washington. She occupies a prominent social position at the Capital, and will be brought

into greater prominence by entertaining Prince Alexis.

A LOVER consulted a lawyer about carrying off an heiress. "You must not carry her off," said the lawyer, "but she can carry you off. Let her mount a horse and hold the bridle and whip, and then you get up behind her, and let her run away with you, and you'll be safe." The next morning the lawyer found that his daughter had carried the young man off in a strictly legal fashion.

Mrs. KITTY ANDERSON, of Taylor County, Iowa, voted at the last election. Mrs. Gardner, of Detroit, also voted again at the recent election. Mrs. L. D. Mansfield, lady principal of the Rockland Institute at Nyack, and other ladies connected with the institution, voted at the election at Nyack. Which shows that some women have constitutions if all women have not the Constitution.

THE Czar has lately ordered that women shall be permitted to become druggists and chemists, and shall be eligible to fill the positions of clerks and accountants. In view of the efficiency of the Sisters of Mercy as nurses in hospitals, women are henceforth to be permitted to practice as surgeons—a permission which of course carries with it the right to qualify themselves by the preliminary studies.

THE wife of Joaquin Miller has written a letter expressing delight at the public recognition of his genius, but giving an entirely different version of their difficulties from that set forth by the poet, and censuring him for abandoning her and neglecting their children. Genius does not liberate its possessor from moral obligations, and is no excuse for shirking the ordinary duties of life.

QUEEN MATILDA's celebrated tapestry at Bayeux is to be reproduced in time for next year's International Exhibition. The reproduction will be half the size of the tapestry, sufficiently large to show every thread and every mending of this "sampler" of the eleventh century, and a few copies will be printed of the full size, two hundred and eighteen feet long by nineteen inches high, and colored in fac-simile of the original.

THE freshest and prettiest suits this season are in solid colors, in the new shades of London smoke, russe, plum, and olive green. These are generally trimmed with flounces of the same, combined with velvet or velveteen, sometimes, though rarely, with satin, which, though it will be worn, will not take the lead this Winter. The velvet is often of a contrasting color, but it requires excellent judgment to combine two colors tastefully.

THE Misses Isabella and Melanie Winch, two young English ladies residing in Paris, have just received from Count de Flavigny, President of the International Society for affording relief to the sick and wounded in the late war, the bronze Cross of Merit, accompanied by a diploma setting forth the very useful services rendered by them during the siege, principally at Montrouge, both in the ambulance and on the field of battle.

Mrs. S. P. Tower, of Fernandina, Florida, thinks it would further the cause of woman's entrenchment if all tax-paying women were to cease to pay their assessments until allowed the privilege of voting. This course has been adopted by a number of women, but to give any great importance to such action it should be

adopted by the majority. There is no reason why women who are citizens should be taxed to support laws they have had no voice in making.

Mrs. ALTA M. HULETT, a young lady of Rockford, Ill., who has been studying law for some time past, passed a most creditable examination before the committee appointed by Judge Brown to ascertain her legal knowledge. They united in recommending her for admission to the bar. Miss Hulett thereupon made application to the Supreme Court for permission to practice, but it was denied on the ground that she was a woman. That is Illinois justice!

MANY of the Mormon wives are sisters, and get along very comfortably together. A gentleman writing from Salt Lake City says, "I saw, the other day, a pair of young wives, sisters, walking hand-in-hand, dressed alike in every particular, of the same height and complexion, and of the same apparent age—indeed, looking so much alike that it was almost a case of mitigated bigamy." Which is certainly very romantic to look at, but not very pleasant to look into and decidedly bad to look from.

MARY HAMES GILBERT, a sprightly and industrious writer for our daily papers, in one of her clever fashion articles in the *Star* says:—"We read with awe of single suits worth \$1,500 upwards. Perhaps fashion-writers are too apt to forget that the vast majority of folks have limited incomes, and that descriptions of \$1,500 dresses don't interest the general public. We think that fashion-writers ought to remember that very few mortals are very rich, and that they ought to pen their experiences principally for the benefit of the great middling classes, who certainly are by far the largest consumers of dry goods, as well as of all other goods. But though descriptions of impossible toilettes so frequently greet our eyes, we are happy to learn that the leading houses do not confine themselves to making up \$15,000 suits, or even \$100 suits, but that low-priced suits are fairly inaugurated, and even very cheap suits are on the tapis. Stewart is taking the lead, selling fashionable suits as low as \$9. He is doing grand things in more ways than one for working people, and we dare say his cheap suits will be appreciated.

Mrs. CELIA THAXTER's poems, contributed to various magazines, have been collected and will soon be published by Hurd & Houghton. Mrs. Thaxter's father was a noted politician, but having been disappointed in some of his aspirations, determined to retire from the world. He bought a small untenantied island among those off the coast of New Hampshire, known as the Isles of Shoals, and removed thither with his wife. There Celia was born, and brought up like another Miranda, never seeing the faces of any human beings except her father and mother. She was accustomed to row and sport in the waves of the sea, and altogether led a wild gipsy life. Mr. Thaxter, when a young man, being thought to be in a decline, was recommended to seek the seashore for his health, and chance led him to the island where this beautiful gipsy was dwelling in seclusion. They fell in love with each other, were married, and have led a most happy life. Such is but a bare outline of the story of the author of the poems soon to be published. Hawthorne told a part of the story in one of his note-books.

CLARA BARTON has a soulful and almost thrilling letter in the *Golden Age* of last week, in which she speaks of her work in Europe,

while offering her services to the suffering of Chicago if she is needed there. She says: "For the last twelve months I have stood only in the ashes of burned and destroyed cities, and worked only among their shelterless, naked, and starving inhabitants. Strasbourg, when I entered it a year ago this present month, had 20,000 people without a roof, or bread, or fire, or clothes, or work; hunger and pity drove the despairing mothers to riot for food, and at night they huddled around the still warm embers of their ruined homes, and alternately prayed and blasphemed. I remained and worked among this people until all were housed and clothed. Forty thousand warm garments, made by their own hands, went out from my rooms to clothe them, and they earned the family loaf by doing it. One month later, in November last, when I entered the opened gates of Metz, I found forty thousand people too weak to riot. They stared vacantly, tottered, and fell, like old men and women or little children. And seven months after this, when I stood among the smoking piles and vaults of Paris, and its twice ruined thousands, I felt that it was time I found an end of such scenes and such labor. I thought I had learned my lesson. I have certainly served my apprenticeship, and unless exceedingly stupid must have acquired some skill by practice. Is it necessary for me to add that if, after all this long work for strangers, my own people have need of me, they have only to tell me so?" Such devotion is above all praise.

Mr. W. M. RAY, in his interesting "Winter in Cuba," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., says:—"Cuban children, white and black, are evidently considered to be yet in a state of paradisaical innocence, and are clothed—or unclothed—accordingly. Rafael, Christinita, and Ramonina are running about "sublimely in the nude," as *Aurora Leigh* hath it, for a good part of the time; ready to serve, at short notice, for *tableaux* of Cupid or the Cherubim. One who has not had the advantage of being brought up to that sort of thing cannot wholly enjoy their poses when the gentlemen are about: nevertheless, one of the very finest pictures in my Cuban gallery is the naked Christinita in the arms of her black nurse, and both fast asleep in a large chair; the fair, rounded outlines and delicate features of the Caucasian child being strongly contrasted with the black, brawny arm and coarse traits of the African woman. A better subject for painter's skill is rarely seen. Excellent types of two widely different, yet strangely associated, races; the ignorant, brute fidelity of the slave touchingly apparent in the close embrace wherewith, even in her slumber, she holds the child to her bosom; the fine lines of whose fair figure and prominent brow speak clearly of a more delicate organization, a higher intellect, a richer cultivation. I know not how long I stood musing before these eloquent figures—so long that even the rude perceptions of the negress felt the magnetism of my steady gaze, and she woke to stammer an excuse for being caught sleeping in the "sala." Nor is nudity confined to the day only. Night after night I have seen the little ones laid, stark naked, on their hard beds, under a mosquito net, and left to go to sleep without other covering than the soft air. The dreamy journey being accomplished, a linen sheet may or may not be drawn over them, at the discretion of the nurse. It must be confessed that they live on this regimen. Healthier children, or more finely developed forms, are not to be found."

THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

This journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, if the postage is enclosed. Terms: THREE DOLLARS per year, payable in advance. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give the name of post-office and State. Address,

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School-Girls.

ONE of our religious exchanges makes a sensible plea for school-girls, which we could wish might be heeded. With three or four years' less time for finishing their education, and with much less physical stamina to endure the exactions of a severe course of discipline, they are worked much harder than boys. A college student spends in his class-rooms fifteen hours a week, while a girl, even in advanced classes, spends from twenty to twenty-five hours. A college student, when his recitations are over, is at his ease, like a soldier on parade or in his tent. He can study as he pleases, or obtain the relaxation he needs out of doors with rollicking companions; but our school-girls are confined in the recitation room five hours per day, with every action regulated by the strictest rules of school discipline.

This should not be. It is an injury to the body, and a still more serious injury to the mind, of a young girl to keep her confined with her faculties on the stretch so long. It is a cruelty for which every school-girl will have to pay the penalty in after years, if she is not called to settle the account by confirming invalidism before she graduates. Our public schools for girls are little else than purveyors of disease and steps into the graveyard. There is no sense nor reason in this forcing school-girls through courses of study beyond their years and strength, at a pace which would break down the health of most boys. Either they should pursue fewer studies or have more time devoted to school life.

Why should not girls be allowed the same liberty as boys, restrained only when they neglect their duties or fail in their tasks? Many a woman has been ruined for life by the senseless severity of school discipline. In many of our schools discipline and not instruction seems to be the object aimed at. Just as though girls were automatons! Just as though girls are soldiers, to be drilled and manouvered until every action

accords with some sergeant's command, and every muscle moves by rule.

One great reason why our costly culture amounts to so little is, that our school-girls are forced through their studies in two-thirds the time required to master them, and at an expense of physical endurance and health which sends many a beautiful girl to an untimely grave. A thorough reform in our treatment of school-girls is imperatively needed; and, until they are governed less and indulged more, hurried less and given more time to master their studies and more freedom in the studying, we shall look in vain for a truly cultivated, vigorous, noble womanhood.

Court or Country.

THE question with some of our friends seems to be whether the appeal for woman suffrage shall be made to the courts or to the country. One party claims that the Constitution, as now amended, gives all female citizens a right to the franchise, and that the pressing duty of the advocates of woman suffrage is to demand that right, and, whenever it is refused appeal to the courts for the enforcement of their claim. They make a plausible and strong case in support of their position.

But the other party contends that the Amendments were not intended to enfranchise women, and that such a conclusion can be drawn from them only by a system of word-splitting and technical quibbling, unworthy the dignity of the advocates of a reform so large and grand and beneficent as ours confessedly is. They insist that the great cause can only be carried forward to a triumphant issue by a systematic appeal to public sentiment, and thoroughly arousing the people to the issues involved, and educating them up to the level of an idea so much above the plane of our present life and beyond the grasp of ordinary minds.

We have not the slightest objection to having the appeal made to the courts, and shall hurl no javelin at those who attempt to carry that frowning rampart. So far as their efforts tend to awaken public attention to our cause, and excite interest in it, and lead to a general discussion of its principles and aims, they will do good. But we are more and more firmly convinced that our only successful appeal must be made to the country. No decision of courts and no act of legislation will ever be worth more than the paper they are written on, unless required and backed by an intelligent public opinion. Congress does not make public sentiment; it merely enacts it. The courts do not dare to interpret a statute or article contrary to the public will. Republican institutions put the people on the throne, and set legislators and jurists where their only alternative is obedience or oblivion. We must carry our cause up from the servant to the master.

The great thing for us to do is educate the people up to that point where they will demand universal suffrage, and sustain the demand by their ballots. A reform so mag-

nificent as this, the greatest political and social revolution known in history, cannot be carried by a technicality, nor precipitated by an interpretation; the idea of pushing it through the interstices of a legal document is degrading to its dignity. If it can be consummated by any such process, which seems like pouring an Amazon through a knot-hole, it is not the movement its best friends have taken it to be, and their interest in it and enthusiasm for it will subside at once. The vastness and grandeur of a movement like this, which touches society at every point and involves every interest and operation of humanity and civilization, demand that it shall be advocated on the broadest and highest grounds, and be carried by a magnificent and irresistible ground-swell of popular enthusiasm. And to this end all our efforts shall hereafter converge; and we most earnestly appeal to all true friends of woman to join with us in educating the people up to the level of this idea.

Murder by Inches.

WITHIN a couple of years proceedings were instituted against Mrs. Rebecca Kellogg, of Brooklyn, by her husband, on the charge of infidelity to her marriage vows. The case was brought to trial before Justice Gilbert at the Spring term of the Supreme Court, when it was proved that the relatives of the plaintiff had conspired to work up the case against the lady, and by means of private detectives had dogged her steps from place to place, whether she was driven to escape the brutal conduct of her husband. The jury at once acquitted her, of course; and she immediately instituted a suit against her husband for marital release, as the only means of escaping from his cruelty, and against his relatives for conspiracy.

The first of these actions was stayed by the pretense that her husband had found new evidence against her. But the cruel treatment she had received from her husband and his connections, and the laceration of her delicate feelings by a public trial, together with all the petty annoyances and persistent persecutions she had endured, proved too much for her constitution; and her health broke with her heart, and she failed and finally died from the effects of cruelty, mortification and grief. A kind, delicate, generous woman; a true wife; the devoted mother of five children, who loved her with all their hearts; the beloved friend of a large circle of excellent people, has been murdered by inches. Those who have caused her death are beyond the reach of legal justice; but they should be made to feel something of the condemnation that awaits them hereafter by the censure and frown of all good people here. To stab a delicate woman with cruelty, and beat her with persecutions, and poison her with slander, is no less murder in the sight of heaven than to strike her with a knife or club or administer prussic acid.

A Queen of Song.

In our green and salad days we remember envying those who had not yet experienced the delight of reading Scott's novels. A supreme pleasure awaited them somewhere in the future. They had not eaten their cake, but had kept it stored up for ampler leisure, or a more appreciative mood.

Now, having eaten our cake of another sort and been to hear Mlle. Nilsson in opera, we must confess that we cherish a similar feeling towards those who have not yet tasted this delight. No time is quite like a first time; and if I should live to be a hundred, we never expect to spend another evening exactly like the one which, in full view of a superb Academy audience, gave me my first sight of the great cantatrice. Of course we had heard Nilsson criticized on the negative side, as we all have. We had been told that her voice cannot be compared to Parepa's; that it is defective both in range and culture; that she is not by any means the great actress she has been represented, and far from beautiful in person. But we had never been told just what she is. That one gets from seeing for one's self, and when in the first act of "Traviata" Violetta came upon the stage, the thought that arose in our mind was that no one had ever described Nilsson.

She is not the pale and sentimental girl her "Ophelia" picture seems to portray, but a magnificent, fully-developed woman, in affluent health, and with all the abandon, the liberal enjoyment of simple existence, that belongs to those wonderful young girls, the Hours in Guido's Aurora. Nilsson has the physique of the Swedish peasant moulded and refined by education. She is large, but so finely proportioned that the elastic suppleness of youth and perfect vigor is never infringed. Her genius is combined with the power of a strong woman, which she fully enjoys and exercises in a way so naive, artless and characteristic that it makes more than half her charm. Under the wrappings of the world-renowned artist one feels that there is a perfectly simple, unspoiled person. It is this that draws all hearts to her irresistibly, and makes one feel on leaving the Academy like putting forth some foolish and futile effort to gain her acquaintance. She seems altogether wholesome and good. The stage paint and powder cannot take the frank expression from her blue eyes, or destroy the candor of her honest Scandinavian face. She is so opulently gifted that she can afford to be just herself; and much of the secret of her fine acting is due to a perfect balance of physical and mental power, making a presence that is noble and satisfactory. She never tears a passion to tatters. Her acting shows the temperance always indicated by the highest art; but she sometimes throws herself into emotional scenes with a genuine warmth and fervor that only the very best artist would venture to betray.

There is no mere prettiness about Nilsson, neither is she strictly handsome, but

she is better than anything either term can be made to mean. During moments in the last act of "Traviata," when death, love and ronorse are struggling together, her face seemed sublimed by genius, and the pale blue eyes gathered depths of pathos and meaning that made them black and unfathomable.

It is almost impossible to analyze the impression this marvellous singer creates. Her voice may be defective in upper or lower notes, but it is vastly effective in its appeal to the listener's ear. It is the most elastic and thrilling voice we ever heard—like a fine, fresh breeze blowing from a mountain top, and bringing a sense of vigor and life. The magnetism with which it is surcharged proceeds from a large and varied range of powers. An abounding vitality is poured along its falls and cadences, distinguishing it from other voices which perhaps are richer in other capabilities. Genius individualizes and separates itself from the mass; it refuses to be classed or tabled. Nilsson's genius is of this characteristic sort, and has the merit of resembling nothing but itself.

The Power of Opinions.

No one, at this day, attempts to deny that women have a stake in the government of the country, and are concerned in the laws made and the manner in which they are executed; and, although debarred the right of suffrage, they cannot be excused from forming intelligent opinions of public men and measures. Women cannot, at present, be influential politicians, and we should regret, under any circumstances, to see them largely engaged in the wire-pulling and trickery of ordinary party management; but they can now, as well as ever, become enlightened political critics. Both halves of society are vitally interested in good government, and both alike suffer in almost the same proportion when fraud and knavery get the upper hand. The difficulty of righting wrongs and putting things on a better basis will always be much greater than there is any need of, so long as women remain dumb in regard to all questions of public weal. An eager partisan interest is dependent on the possession of the ballot, and will be awakened when it is placed in the hands of women; but they are now in a position to form calm, weighty, judicial judgments, and to press their convictions home upon the minds of the men with whom they are connected.

Opinions lie behind the ballot. Women can now form and disseminate opinions as well as later. In fact, they need a preparatory educational drill of just this sort to enable them by and by to wield the actual power of the ballot both wisely and well. Women must put an enlightened opinion behind their vote, or the country will be but little better off than it now is that Paddy from Cork puts nothing behind his vote but bribes and bad whiskey. The active, wide-awake interest of every man, woman and child is needed to secure the

perpetuity of republican institutions; and for an intelligent American woman not to know anything or care anything about politics, is more disgraceful than for the average male European not to know or care how he is governed.

If the women of New York had reserved a little time from dressing, promenading, shopping, frivolous calls and the whole round of pleasure, for the purpose of creating a just public sentiment, and rousing respectable men from the apathy and criminal indifference which has made this ring-ridden city a by-word in the mouth of the civilized world, it would have been far better for them and for the community in which they live. The interests of this vast metropolis have been allowed to fall from the family circle, and decent places of business down to the slums, kennels, and low pot-houses, and the women of New York do not stand wholly excused. Public morality is but the visible expression of private morality. The ulcer is not on the surface only; it rans all through the blood. If the drawing-room exhibits reckless expenditure, an inordinate love of display, and vulgar superficiality, the counting-house will be very apt to run into rash ventures, to manifest an excessive, unwholesome love of money, and to resort to unscrupulous methods of securing it. The flashing, sham elements entering into our style of living have played their part in undermining public honesty. The defaulter's crime, the forger's shame is too often traced to the wife's diamonds and showy turnout. Where there is little sincerity in house, furniture, or equipage, there will be less in the management of the store or office. Women are to blame if men are led to pawn their souls' honor to lap them in luxury, and clothe them in silks and jewels. Women have it in their power to strike the key-note of social life, and indirectly of public affairs. They can make it superficial, vulgar, pretentious and false, or they can set it to the higher harmonies of culture, purity, love and honor.

The times urgently demand that women shall use wisely the opportunities they already have, while waiting for others to be given them. Strenuous as is our demand for the ballot, fervent as is our belief that it will ultimately be placed in the hand of every woman qualified for its use, we still wish to see enlightened and thoughtful women making full use of the influence they already possess to shape public events. The tendency which makes better women is itself the natural solvent of many knotty problems. Take care of individuals and society will take care of itself. Disseminate just opinions and the proper actions will flow from them. Lay the true foundations for the home, and it will furnish the best model for the State.

ELIZABETH B. CHACE was re-elected President of the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association, which held its annual meeting recently in Providence.

Correspondence.

A Word More About By-Paths.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

HAVING read Mrs. Stanton's reply to my letter in the *REVOLUTION* of Nov. 11th, I am constrained, less for controversy than explanation, to ask space for a few words more.

1. In the first place, Mrs. Stanton does me injustice (undesignedly, of course) in representing me as affirming a want of candor and honesty in those who hold that women are enfranchised by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Far be it from me to utter such an accusation, for among those who entertain the opinion in question are some of the noblest men and women in the land. I did indeed say that I could not "reconcile it either to candor or fair dealing" thus to construe the Constitution; but that they, acting from their own convictions, not mine, can do so, I have no doubt. Let it be understood once for all that I make no question of the honesty of those who differ from me upon this question.

2. I made no pretence of answering the arguments urged in favor of the new construction. I contented myself with saying that those arguments had failed to convince me, and with seeing to show that as the doctrine can be of no effect until promulgated by the Supreme Court, and as provision has already been made to bring the question before that tribunal, it would be the part of wisdom for the friends of woman suffrage to leave it to be argued at the proper time by able counsel, while they press forward in their legitimate work of changing public opinion and securing the adoption of a Sixteenth Amendment. I make no objection to a proper survey of the by-path. Let the properly-qualified engineers (the judges of the Supreme Court) make the needful explorations, and, if they say it is possible, I shall no longer object; but until the new thoroughfare has been opened by competent authority, I propose to do what I can to dissuade my associates from entering it, and to keep them in the "main road" to a Sixteenth Amendment. That there is the slightest probability that the "short cut" will ever be opened by the Court I do not believe; and the idea that the Congress can be persuaded to take the responsibility of enacting a measure so revolutionary, in advance of a decision of the Court, seems to me utterly preposterous. Nevertheless, if those who think otherwise choose to go on with their experiments, I shall yet rejoice in the belief that the discussion of the suffrage question, even in that form, will do good.

3. I must remind Mrs. Stanton that there is no question between us as to the "citizenship" of women. Women are citizens no less than men, and babies not less than either; but citizen and voter are not convertible terms. The men of Massachusetts

who, by the Constitution of that State, are not allowed to vote because they cannot read and write, are none the less citizens on that account, and their citizenship is acknowledged in the courts. But for the Fifteenth Amendment every State in the Union would have had the power to disfranchise the negro, although the Fourteenth Amendment placed his citizenship beyond question. If citizenship necessarily implied suffrage, the Fifteenth Amendment would be a superfluity. It was adopted simply and solely because Congress knew, and the Courts and the people knew, that it was not enough to have declared the negro a citizen if he was also to be a voter.

4. Mrs. Stanton is altogether mistaken in saying that the "Liberty Party," as such, ever took the ground that slavery was prohibited by the Constitution of the United States. Still less did the Free Soil or Republican party avow that doctrine. All these acknowledged that the National Government had no power to abolish slavery in the States, and in this they agreed with the Garrison Abolitionists; but they believed it right to act under the Constitution in spite of its compromises, while the Garrisonians felt themselves bound to stay away from the polls, as they could not conscientiously swear to support a Constitution that required the return of fugitive slaves. All these parties, each one in its own way, labored for the same great end, and to each belongs a measure of credit for the final result. The doctrine of the unconstitutionality of slavery, though held by a few able and influential men, was never the basis of any political party; but those who held that doctrine did their share of anti-slavery work, and God forbid that I should seek to deprive them of the honor that is their due. I only say that, when slavery had been abolished by the laws of war, the people saw in the Constitution, as it then stood, no power to prevent its rehabilitation, and therefore they made a new provision for that purpose; just as I believe they will see, when they want women to vote, that a Sixteenth Amendment is needed, and will make haste to adopt it.

5. Mrs. Stanton's reference to the Constitution of England is made wholly irrelevant by the fact that the Constitution is not a written document at all, but just what Parliament and the Courts, from time to time, choose to make it. We have a written Constitution, and neither Congresses nor Courts have power to change it.

6. Mrs. Stanton's sneer at me, and those who agree with me, as if we were patient under woman's disfranchisement and indifferent to her wrongs, seems to me unworthy of her generous nature, and to call for no reply. Let me, however, comfort her by the assurance that in abolishing the engineers of the woman suffrage movement to keep it on the well-graded and feasible road leading directly to the desired goal, instead of running "off the track" and attempting the impossible and therefore ridiculous feat of pushing it up the rocky

and perpendicular face of an impassable mountain, I am not seeking to delay but to accelerate the progress and triumph of that movement. Yours, respectfully,

OLIVER JOHNSON.

Litigation or Education.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I was glad to see Oliver Johnson's wise and manly letter against the claim for woman suffrage under the Constitution without a Sixteenth Amendment. Honestly made though this claim is, any court that decided in its favor would, I think, commit a fraud. It is notorious that no such effect was designed in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, which Mrs. Stanton's protest against both because they would not have such an effect, the rejection of Senator Pomeroy's motion to put the word "sex" in the Fifteenth, and the refusal of Congress to discuss Mr. Julian's amendment, clearly prove. To make the claim is well for those who believe it legal, but to have the whole woman suffrage movement suspended by a reference to the courts, there to await a forgone defeat, is a folly and a disaster.

In the light of long experience Mr. Johnson well sees and says, that all efforts are worse than useless that do not aim to inform the public mind and thus lift up public sentiment. So far as this is accomplished by the Constitutional claim, it does good; beyond this it reacts against the cause. Should the Supreme Court of the United States hold to-day that women are entitled to vote under the Constitution, within twelve months that Court might be reconstructed so that it would reverse the decision. Rightly, too; for the judges would have broken their oaths. Let us all work, each in our own best way, to spread knowledge that should suffrage never be gained, will make it needless.

Cordially yours,
J. H. H. WILCOX.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.

An Appeal.

The following stirring appeal, written by Olympia Brown, was received too late for our last issue, but is gladly inserted this week. It is addressed to the friends of woman suffrage in Connecticut; it should have been addressed to the friends of woman suffrage everywhere. We hope our readers of the other States will consider it as a direct, personal appeal to them for wise and energetic action:—

To the Friends of Woman Suffrage:

We ask you, during the coming autumn and winter, to give your best word and deed to our cause. We are working for the enfranchisement of women. We care nothing for cliques or parties; but, leaving all side issues and irrelevant subjects, we are bending all our energies to the single practical issue, the enfranchisement of woman. We are not, and we never have been, auxiliary to any national association,

nor are we identified with any person or party outside this State. Some of our members believe that the Constitution of the United States, as at present amended, virtually guarantees suffrage to all women who are citizens; but this opinion forms no part of our platform.

We are organized to secure suffrage to women in the State of Connecticut, through the ordinary machinery of legislative action; and we invite the co-operation of every believer in our principles residing in the State. Let us all work together, heart and hand, for the common cause. Those who are able to speak for the cause or to render aid in any way should report themselves at once to me. Contributions of money are particularly desired, as we wish to continue our system of tract distribution, which has done so much good already, and which is the most quiet and unobtrusive method of reaching the people. All we need is money to enable us to continue the tract distributions.

All the signs of the times show that woman is soon to be enfranchised; but we have much to do to educate the women of our State for their new duties. Let every one be prepared to contribute her mite toward the triumph of justice.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is."

OLYMPIA BROWN,
Chairman Executive Committee.
BRIDGEPORT, Ct., Nov. 9, 1871.

Miscellaneous.

THE home of James and Fanny Parton is a most attractive place, thoroughly expressive of comfort, and filled with books and other proofs of taste. A colossal bust of Clytie stands by the window on a pedestal, and peeps through the curtains at the visitor coming up the steps, as if it were living. Chromos and engravings, encircled by living ivy, hang on the walls. On an elagere filled with well-bound books stand busts of Beecher and Butler, moral antipodes as public men, but both warmly admired for their personal qualities by the occupants of the house. Mr. Parton's working-room is up stairs, and is a veritable literary den, simply furnished, and rich with the odor of Russian-leather bindings. The general appearance of the house is like that of any other cultivated family, and it has nothing peculiar or bizarre about it. An evening spent in the society of Mr. Parton and his wife is a treat indeed. Both are good talkers, but Fanny is the superior. Her powers of description are excellent, and she talks with great energy and dramatic power, telling stories, in particular, with striking effect. She has had a varied experience, and her reminiscences of the past and anecdotes of the literary and other celebrities whom she has known are most interesting. There is a heartiness also in her manner, which warms one to her, and the visitor soon feels quite at home in her company. Mr. Parton talks quietly and deliberately, but if at all interested, he rises into enthusiasm, and at intervals has flashes of fine sentiment expressed in his happiest way. We have met few persons whose talk was more suggestive, or who commented more keenly on the events of the day.

The Quarrel.

Old fables tell us God made man, then
From his substance woman's self was made;
Rather Creative Wisdom first mixed woman
God's art on him e'er since she has essayed.

What if the satyr he and brute, till she
Embrace and shape him by her plastic wit,
So his accomplishments with hers agree,
O'er all his features she herself be witt?

Not man is he, till woman mould him fair,
Strong though he be, and brave, wise overmuch,
Devote to duty, swift to do and dare;
Transforming woman gives the final touch.

Old fables tell us falsely woman's story;
Plainly man made them for his own behoof,
Takes to himself the benefit and glory—
Be hers the shameful lage, herself the proof.

Proves he himself the more the weaker stunner
Since with his boasted strength he lower fell;
Stronger is she the silent, she the winner,
Not he who falsely doth her story tell.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

THERE was something refreshing in the honesty of a servant-girl who, when she was asked, on joining the church, "Are you converted?" "I hope so, sir." "What makes you think you are really a child of God?" "Well, sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be." "What is that change?" "I don't know, sir, that there's a change in all things; but there is one thing, I always sweep under the mats now!"

CELIA BURLEIGH says to women: "Beware of elaborate tea-drinkings. Plain living and high thinking' be your motto; make an over-loaded table as unfashionable as it is offensive to good taste. Keep your brain clear with temperate living, your hearts warm with Christian charity, your hands busy with good works."

THE best consecutive series of puns contained in a single stanza is in Hood's four lines on the death of a sailor:

"His death, which happened in his birth,
At forty odd bell'll;
They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell."

THE convicts of Massachusetts State-prison contributed \$600 to the Chicago relief fund. Which shows that convicts have souls. Men do not lose their human nature when the prison door closes behind them, and to reform them is a nobler thing than to punish them.

CHICAGO women need clothes for themselves and children. Good, serviceable clothes are in great demand.

JOYS are the flowers on the path of life, and like flowers can be cultivated.

ADVERSITY tests friendship; mosquitoes are always thick in the sunshine.

MANY talkers are like broken pitchers; everything runs through them.

MANY plain young ladies live to be pretty old ones.

IT don't look much like dull trade corner Canal and Broadway. Baldwin the Clothier sold ready-made clothing at retail Saturday last, Nov. 11, amounting to over sixteen thousand dollars. This is the largest retail clothing business in America.—*Evening Mail.*

To the Readers of the Revolution:

I take great pleasure in recommending, through your columns, Dana Bickford's New Improved Family Knitting Machine. I believe it to be the best and cheapest knitting machine ever introduced to the public. I have used it with entire satisfaction in knitting a great variety of articles, both useful and ornamental. It is impossible to enumerate all it will do. It affords an endless source of amusement and pleasure as well as profit; and should any of your readers desire to see for themselves some of the beautiful work done by this machine, I would advise them to go to the rooms, at 689 Broadway, New York, where they will be kindly received by the gentlemanly proprietor, and all questions appertaining thereto will receive satisfactory explanation.

A. A. H.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 14, 1871.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. J. STOUT, Elkader, Iowa, besides doing all the household work for a family of four persons, made last year with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, one hundred and fifty fashionable dresses, hemmed over 2,000 yards of biased ruffling, and made quite a number of undergarments. This is about her average work a year in all kinds of general sewing for seven years, with no repairs to her machine.

Suffrage Convention at Washington.

The National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee will hold a Convention at Lincoln Hall on the 10th, 11th and 12th of January, for the purpose of urging upon Congress the passage of a "Declaratory Act" during the coming session.

Friends of Equal Rights are earnestly invited to make early arrangements for being present at this important gathering.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON,
President.
ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
Chairman Executive Committee.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING, Secretary.

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MRS. U. S. GRANT, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., says: "I am perfectly delighted with my Bradbury Piano."

Chief Justice SALMON P. CHASE, Washington, D. C., decides the Bradbury to be the National Piano of the country.

Hon. COLUMBUS DELANO, Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., calls the Bradbury the Piano for the Interior.

P. M. Gen. CRESWELL and Mrs. CRESWELL—"All our friends admire the delightful tones of the Bradbury used at our receptions."

ROBERT DONNER, New York Ledger—"At any time will drop the piano of 'Dexter' to listen to the tones of our Bradbury."

M. SIMPSON, Bishop M. E. Church, Philadelphia—"It is a very superior instrument, both in its finish, sweet tones and singing qualities."

E. S. JAMES, Bishop M. E. Church, New York—"We know of no better Piano than the Bradbury."

Rev. Dr. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, of Drew Theological Seminary—"My family and friends say the Bradbury is unequalled."

Dr. JOSEPH CUMMINGS, President Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., says: "If it could not be replaced we would not part with it for twice its cost. Can heartily recommend them."

WM. MORLEY, FUNSHON, Toronto, Canada—"We are delighted with the Bradbury Piano."

J. S. ABERDEEN, Philadelphia—"We have used it for years and can recommend the Bradbury Piano."

Dr. JOHN CHAMBERS—"Our Bradbury Piano has won golden opinions among the Philadelphians."

PHILIP PHILLIPS, New York, says: "I have sung with and used the Bradbury Piano in my family for years."

Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN, Wilmington, Del.—"We think our Bradbury Piano the best instrument we ever heard."

W. G. FISHER, Professor of Music, Girard College, Philadelphia—"I am as my family Piano the Bradbury, and can with confidence recommend them."

CHAPLAIN McCABE, Philadelphia, Pa.—"From the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast I have heard of the superiority of the Bradbury Piano."

Rev. DANIEL CURRY, Editor Christian Advocate—"I purchased a Bradbury Piano, and it is a splendid instrument in every respect."

THEODORE TILTON, Editor Golden Age—"If you were to buy a piano, I am afraid they would say they like our Bradbury almost as well as they like me."

DR. DANIEL WISE, Editor Sunday School Advocate—"I use the Bradbury Piano, and think, like his music, it cannot be excelled."

Rev. DR. FIELD, Editor of the Evangelist—"I have used a Bradbury for years in my family and think there is none superior."

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A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy and effectual for preserving the hair. It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. It wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

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SOLD OVER THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.	140,173	Machines.
SOLD OVER THE WILCOX & GRIER SEWING MACHINE CO.	98,943	do.
SOLD OVER THE WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.	92,831	do.
SOLD OVER THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE CO.	70,431	do.
SOLD OVER THE HOWE MACH' CO.	58,677	do.
SOLD OVER THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.	44,633	do.

all of which is mainly owing to the popularity of what is known as the "New Family Sewing Machine," which is now fast finding its way into every well-regulated household. For Circumstances giving full particulars of Machines, their Folding Cases of many varieties of wood and finish, their Attachments, for numerous kinds of work, which till recently, it was thought that delicate fingers alone could perform, as well as particulars about all articles used by their Machines, such as Twist, Linen Thread, Spool Cotton, Oil, etc., etc., apply to any of their Authorized Agents, or to

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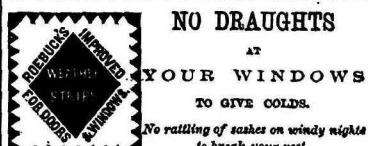
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Having seen your preparation extensively advertised, I consulted my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebes and juniperberries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination; and with his advice, after an examination of the matter, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced to use it about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room.

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SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

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